

Even if it seems like work, at first, it will pay you to add to the list of your daily habits, that of reading about all of the want ads.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

There Have Been About as Many Women Maimed and Killed at "Pink Teas" As At "Bargain-Counter Crushes."

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1905. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR.

PART TWO.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

BOY-KING MAKES SUBJECTS QUAKE

People of Spain Want to See Their Monarch Married And Settled Down.

KEEPS RISKING HIS LIFE.

Of Late He Has Had Some Amazing Adventures Which Have Been Kept Out of the Papers.

Special Correspondence.

MADRID, Dec. 13.—Just before Spain's impulsive boy king left Madrid on his recent tour in quest of a bride he made one or two notable additions to the rather extraordinary collection of "souvenirs" which he has spent the greater part of the past year in assembling in one of his apartments in the royal palace. The existence of this unique collection has, I think, been mentioned before, but up to now no catalogue of its various items has ever been furnished. They consist entirely of nondescript mementoes of the frequent occasions on which Alfonso XIII has seen fit to endanger his royal existence, and it is now the supreme desire of the Spanish people to keep the assemblage of these relics from getting much larger.

In spite of his amazing pranks his subjects are genuinely fond of their boy king. But setting affection aside, it would be uncommonly inconvenient if "Don Alfonso," as the 19-year-old sovereign is generally called, should happen to come to grief in one of his periodic attempts to startle the members of his suite. Such a calamity would necessitate another period of regency—which the Spaniards particularly dread—and a lengthy one, the present heir apparent to the throne, the little prince of the Asturias, being only three years old. This is why the people of Spain are so uncommonly anxious to see the king happily married. They think that if a benedict and, subsequently, a father, he will be inclined to take a graver view of his responsibilities and thus avoid risking his skin any oftener than necessary.

MORE LIKE A BOY.

It would be a mistake, however, to see King Alfonso down for what the Spaniards call a "malu cabeza," or "fiddly brain." On the contrary he is rather uncommonly intelligent, cultured and good hearted. But he is really more like a boy of 16 than one of nearly 20, and this is undoubtedly due to the extraordinary amount of liberty he has always enjoyed—the early years for his health having led those responsible for the king to think considerably more of his physical than of his intellectual development.

Perhaps, too, the youngest of European monarchs who "cut up" less if he were allowed to do a little more actual ruling. But the Queen Mother, conservative and reactionary by training and instinct, probably fears that the king's inexperience might lead him to follow too liberal a policy of state. Anyhow it is believed that whenever possible she keeps him from taking a hand in the nation's business. So he has a good deal of spare time at his disposal, and all things considered, it is not surprising that he has been the hero of some startling escapades, and incidentally set up the interesting private museum already referred to. Most of the stories of Alfonso XIII, here related were kept out of the newspapers, and I have the details of them from a highly placed official on duty in the royal palace at Madrid.

ESCAPE FROM INJURY.

Here is a thoroughly characteristic one. Quite recently, while at San Sebastian, King Alfonso sallied forth on foot from his villa Miramar in order to inaugurate an exhibition of painting and sculpture. Crossing with his retinue the principal street of the town, he happened to pass by a coffee house before which there was piled a number of chairs and tables composed of metal. It suddenly occurred to the

king to leap over this heap of furniture, which was pretty high, eight or ten of the pieces being placed one upon the other. Alfonso XIII made a running jump and passed over the whole lot, excepting the topmost table, which fortunately fell to the ground, otherwise his majesty might have broken his neck or a leg. Probably moved by a feeling of gratitude toward this table, the king bought it and had it sent home to enrich his collection of "souvenirs."

It is almost superfluous to speak of King Alfonso's hair-raising excursions in his automobile, so much having already been told about them, but it may be remarked that in continuing his furious "runs" the king has disregarded the supplications of both his mother and the members of his government. Proceeding from San Sebastian to Bilbao in his automobile, Alfonso XIII traveled at a speed of nearly 60 miles an hour. The automobile in which the minister of public instruction, Senor Mellado, followed had necessarily to go at the same velocity in order to keep up with his majesty. At a certain turning in the road both automobiles ran off the highway and fell into a ditch, where, striking against some trees, they were shattered. The minister came off with a broken head, and his secretary was hurt in the legs, while the king had his right wrist dislocated. On that occasion the young king's collection of souvenirs was augmented by a small strap which the sovereign had to wear on his injured wrist for some weeks.

WILD AUTO RIDE.

On another occasion the king was cantering wildly along in his automobile on the outskirts of San Sebastian when he accidentally ran down and killed a donkey. The woman who owned the donkey naturally asked for an indemnification. King Alfonso drew out his purse and offered her a hundred pesetas (20 cents). But the owner who had recognized the king, refused the money, saying: "Excuse me, your majesty, but I think that a donkey killed by a king is worth much more—it is at least worth two hundred pesetas." "Very well, take a hundred pesetas more," he replied, smilingly, "but at any rate, let me have something from this poor animal to remind me that there are such dear donkeys in my kingdom." Uttering these words he pulled out a knife and cut off one of the donkey's ears, and after putting this trophy into his pocket he continued his journey with more velocity than ever—probably in order to add the ear to his collection as soon as possible.

And not only is King Alfonso himself absolutely without fear when a motor car is in spite of his many accidents—but it is surprising to him that any one else should feel nervousness. Accordingly he has little mercy on the unfortunate pair of court functionaries who, in the company of a donkey, accompany him on these occasions. On the contrary, before starting on a nerve-racking "run" the youthful king frequently chaffs his obviously disturbed adjutants.

"Well," he will ask, mockingly, "have you made your testaments? Have you taken farewell of all your family and friends? Have you left instructions as to how you wish to be interred?" Naturally the two personages in question answer with somewhat forced smiles, but when they see that the king is betting the automobile fun at the utmost they venture to observe to his majesty that "his precious life might run some serious danger." "Ah, ah! You tell me that because you are afraid. Is it not so?" the king replies, jokingly. "But calm yourselves: you will soon cease to be afraid!" And the august jester continues to speed along at the rate of from 40 to 60 miles an hour, to the terror of the gentlemen, whose valor has not by any means been increased by his majesty's wit.

OTHER DARING ESCAPADES.

The young monarch, however, is not satisfied with the perils of automobilism. He seeks for others wherever he can meet with them. During last summer King Alfonso invited to dine with him at the royal villa of La Granja (near Segovia) about 60 aristocratic automobilists, friends of his. After dinner the king showed his guests the magnificent gardens of the villa, and after walking with them through the splendidly planted avenues, full of statues and artistic fountains, he had the fancy of climbing up a high monument.

He reached the top safely and stood among the sculptured figures, but when he wanted to descend he found it a difficult matter, so that some of his guests had to come to his relief and haul him down like a parcel of goods, so as to prevent him from injuring his august limbs, and from adding his own figure for an indefinite period to the marble group. I should like to have sent with this article a photograph

(Continued on Page 10.)

How They Keep Christmas in Old World.

Quaint Yuletide Customs That Are Observed in European Countries—In Germany Even the Criminals in Prison Have Their Christmas Trees—Children Who Hang Up Their Shoes Instead of Their Stockings.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN GERMANY.

To the Fatherland We Owe the Christmas Tree and in No Other Country in the World Does Santa Claus Display so Much Benevolence.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—In spite of cynical writers, who never fail to assert that the English Christmas is not what it used to be, there is little fault to be found with the way in which the Yuletide is observed in this country. It is true—the pity—that the yule log is a thing of the past, and that in few households in this country, except the king's, does the "boar's head" play its ancient part, but aside from these things, Christmas in England is kept much as it was in Dickens's time. In all the great country houses there are Christmas gatherings. Still "the stockings are hung by the chimney with care," still the Christmas tree bears its mysterious fruit, and still the pudding flames at the end of the great roast. Even the carol keeps its place. All over the country—within a few days of Christmas—you may hear the "wails," as they are called—children who sing "God Bless You, Merry Gentlemen," and "I Saw Three Ships," under your windows in the evening in the hope of pennies. Why they call them "wails" nobody seems to know—except that they do wait—for the copiers.

WHAT ENGLAND DOES.

Yes, England gives itself up to Christmas in quite the old way—all except London. Throughout the provinces there is now to help out the picture, but London, with its damp, chilly air and soot-laden fogs, does not lend itself to a "Merry Christmas." The streets wear a gloomy aspect. All places of amusement are closed. There are no public festivities or demonstrations. What mirth there is is always within doors.

But on the next day, Boxing day—which is also a holiday—everything is different. The streets are full again, the theaters reopen, the pantomimes, dear to the heart of the true cockney, begin, and Londoners revel afresh in the old stories of "Dick Whittington and His Cat," "Cinderella" and "Bluebeard." Boxing day, by the way, is believed to take its name from the universal custom of giving Christmas "boxes" or tips to all servants and

other factotums on that day—anyhow, it is London's great day of the year. Meanwhile at Sandringham the king and queen do their best to preserve the traditions of the old-fashioned Christmas in their celebration. Their majesties are always seated with a boar's head, a baron of beef and a gigantic plum pudding. The boar's head is usually a present from the Kaiser and laid upon a silver dish, with its tusks highly polished. It is carried shoulder high into the dining hall, where the carol is sung beginning with the words:

The king's boar-head in hand I bring Bedecked with bays and rosemary, And I pray you good people be merry.

In the remote rural districts many quaint old Christmas customs still survive. In Yorkshire bands of children go wassailing, carrying with them a rude travesty of the nativity in the form of a huge doll decked with mistletoe, and sing the old song, "We Come a Wassailing," which, like the carol of the "wails," may be literally interpreted as a request for pennies. And, of course, the "Christmas box" is always forthcoming.

But, after all, to find Christmas celebrated with all of the ancient zest we must go to Germany. For Germans the day is still a period of sentimentality, a time for family reunions in the old home, an occasion for giving and receiving a multitude of presents and an opportunity of exchanging friendly greetings with the whole circles of one's relatives and friends. The Christmas tree, too, originated in Germany, and during the week preceding Christmas the market places and squares of every town in the fatherland are stacked with heaps of fir trees of all sizes, which in due course are to be used for Christmas. As the Yuletide approaches these heaps of fir trees grow smaller and smaller, until, on the 24th of December, there are very few or none at all left.

ALL HAVE TREES.

It is a point of honor in every German family to have a Christmas tree for the children, and many households continue to observe the custom even when all the members of the family have become adults. Wealthy Germans have a Christmas tree which extends from the floor to the ceiling of a lofty chamber and fills with its huge branches the greater part of a large room, and the size of the tree decreases in each household in proportion to the decreasing worldly prosperity of the respective families. In quite poor houses the Christmas tree is nothing more than a twig of a fir tree stuck in a pot and placed in the center of the table. In every case the Christmas tree is illuminated with hundreds of Chinese lanterns and candles, which throw a brilliant light over the imposing array of presents hanging from the branches, which bend under the load of good things. The smallest Christmas trees are illuminated by minute candles scarcely bigger than matches.

One peculiarity of Christmas in Germany is that the celebration takes place on Christmas eve instead of on Christmas day itself. The celebration begins soon after sunset on Dec. 24 and concludes on midnight evening. Christmas day itself is simply a public holiday on which the nation enjoys itself. All theaters and places of amusement are closed on Dec. 24 and are open again on Dec. 25.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT PROGRAM.

The program of proceedings on the Heilige Nacht, as Christmas eve is called in Germany, is in its essential features the same in every German family. First the family circle gathers round the Christmas tree and sings one or two Christmas carols, for the Germans are a nation of musicians. The husband then embraces his wife and kisses her; father and mother embrace and kiss all their children, and the children embrace and kiss one another, and acquaintances are present they all receive and bestow kisses on all present. There is, in short, a general outbreak of kissing. At most family gatherings the eldest, wearing a fur cap, long white beard and red cloak, takes the role of Santa Claus and distributes the gifts.

In many German households the patriarchal custom of allowing the domestic servants to participate in the Chris-

mas festivities is still observed. Presents for the servants are hung on the Yule log flues, and although the domestics do not share in the general kissing, every one present shakes hands with them and wishes them all the good things of the season. The presents for the servants are rarely limited to the gifts suspended from the Christmas tree, but include sums of money. The trusted domestic servant of either sex usually receives \$20 in cash in addition to other gifts. It is customary in all offices and business establishments for employers to present their staff with Christmas presents in the shape of double salary for the month of December, a Christmas observance which is keenly appreciated.

AND ALL MAKE PRESENTS.

Wherever the devoted sons of the Fatherland go they retain their Christmas custom, especially that of making presents. A touching story illustrative of this is told of a regiment of German soldiers during the Franco-Prussian war. They were in the snow-covered trenches before Paris, on short rations and exposed to bitter cold weather. Nevertheless they cut down great branches of trees to represent their beloved Christmas trees, hung bits of dry bread on the twigs and fed their half-famished horses to them, so that they at least might have each a Christmas present.

The royal palace at Potsdam is the scene of the most brilliant Christmas festival in Europe, for the Kaiser celebrates it in a manner befitting the monarch of the Fatherland, where Santa Claus comes to every home with gifts and where the very poorest in prison are provided with Christmas trees. On the afternoon of the Holy Eve the Kaiser, accompanied by some of his stalwart young sons, may be seen walking through the vast hall of the palace, bestowing Christmas boxes on all the poor folk he chances to meet, and wishing them "Gluekluck Feitag" ("A Happy Christmas"). On every branch of the tree he encounters he bestows a silver coin worth \$1.25. Meantime within the palace the empress, like every other German mother, is putting the last touches to the Christmas trees. They are arranged on tables in the apartment known as the Hall of Shells. There are two enormous trees for the emperor and empress and smaller ones for each of their children, varying in size according to their respective ages. Never does the Kaiser show to better advantage than when, a boy among his boys, he throws off the cares of state and joins in the mirth of Christmas Eve, while from outside the palace comes the joyous peals of the church bells, and ever and anon some minstrel party is heard singing the old melody of the Fatherland, "Still Nacht, Heilige Nacht."

SYMBOLIC CUSTOMS.

In some of the more remote provinces of Germany quaint customs symbolic of the meaning of Christmas are still kept. In some of the eastern provinces bordering on Russia religious services are held in stables to commemorate the birth of Christ. These peculiar Christmas celebrations, however, are dying out under the influence of the twentieth century spirit.

It is curious fact that Germany's near neighbor, Holland, does not observe Christmas at all, except as an ordinary Sunday. With them it is the 6th of December that is given over to the birth of Christ. It is the day of Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of childhood, and an excellent rival of Santa Claus, who goes about on his white horse to bring presents for deserving juveniles. Over night the children leave carrots on the domestic hearth for the steed's consumption. And next morning they find convincing proof of good Saint Nick's visit in the disappearance of the carrots and the substitution of presents for them. Shoes, in lieu of stockings, are hung about the chimney, and are mysteriously filled. Saint Nicholas is attended by a black boy, a prying, inquisitive, disagreeable sprite, who "sneaks" in the chimney all the year round and reports to the saint how the children behave themselves. Those who are in his bad books get no presents.

In the state museum of Amsterdam is a famous representation of the celebration of the children's day, by Jan Steen. In the foreground is the stout child with the figure of Santa Claus in

its arms and surrounded by gingerbread and other good things, while in the background the naughty boy is crying because he has found only a birch rod in his shoes which the maid is holding.

RELIGION DOMINATES.

In Italy more than in any other country religion dominates the observance of Christmas. Its most striking feature is the representation of the "Presepio," or "Holy Manger," in various churches, in some of the houses of the wealthy and by the wayside, even in the poorest villages. Pictorially, by sculptured groups and in many instances by living figures, the nativity is depicted. In each appears the holy babe, Mary, Joseph, the Magi and shepherds, while music adds to the impressiveness of the tableau, and there is no doubting the genuine feeling of devotion which the spectacle arouses in most of those who flock to it. In some of the rural districts some queer customs have been grafted on the Presepio. To the shrine comes the head of the village, attired in a special costume and surrounded by a number of men, who offer to the infant Savior a pot of steaming soup. At the foot of an improvised altar the worshippers lay upon a carpet jars filled with water, which they come to reclaim on the morrow, and which are used as pious presents during New Year's day. The jars of water are believed to have acquired peculiar virtue during their sojourn in front of the manger. The young girls are careful to make their betrothed drink of the water, for they are convinced that, thanks to the holy beverage, the quaffing of which is equivalent to a sacred promise, the young men will turn out to be the most faithful of husbands.

NO PART IN CELEBRATION.

The Christmas tree plays no part in the Italian celebration but, although it seems somewhat incongruous in sunny Italy, the Yule log figures both in palace and cottage, and its sparks and ashes are supposed to bring good luck. Of course, there is much conviviality and gastronomic revelry, but one is justified in inferring from the form the latter takes that there are essential differences between Italian and Anglo-Saxon appetites and digestions. It is quite the correct thing in Italy, after attending midnight mass on Christmas Eve to eat a prodigious supper of eels, vermicelli and periwinkles. Nor does it prevent ample justice being done on Christmas day to a most beautiful feast, of which the distinctive feature is what is perhaps best described as plum pudding cake—a delectable cross between the two.

Although there is no longer a court to set the example of pomp and splendor in the gay capital, no city excels Paris in the joyous abandon with which it celebrates Christmas—especially Christmas eve. The revelry services of the Marianne, trinitie and other fashionable churches are thronged with people, and at their close all Paris seems to turn out on the boulevards to join in the boisterous merriment of the toy fair. Everybody, from the poorest to the latest toy, neither age nor rank being exempted, and if the night be clear and frost the fun waxes fast and furious. Next day the shops are opened as usual and all places of amusement are thronged.

In Denmark and Norway some strange customs, relics of pagan times, are still observed, though their origin is forgotten. Gables and gateways are decked with sheaves of fine corn. In heathen days they were thus bestowed to feed Woden's mighty horse, Sleipner, as he bore his master away on his wanderings, but now, say the children, they are for the birds, for all must fare well at Christmastide.

E. LISLE SNELL.

IN CELLAR PRISON OVER FOUR YEARS

Russ Nobleman Captured by Man Whose Daughter He Attempted to Abduct.

LOADED DOWN WITH CHAINS.

Permitted to Take Outdoor Exercise Only in the Night and Then Under Strong Guard.

Special Correspondence.

S. PETERSBURG, Nov. 27.—Little by little, there have come from the remote Russian province of Kazan the complete details of one of the most extraordinary dramas which even this modern wonderland has ever yielded.

Four years ago, Baron Lupianoff, a wealthy Russian nobleman and landowner, endeavored to abduct a girl named Olga Ostrelsky, the daughter of a rich fur merchant named Ivan Ostrelsky, in order to make her his wife. Instead of abducting the object of his ardent affections the Baron himself was kidnapped by the girl's father, Ivan Ostrelsky, and incarcerated in the merchant's cellar for four years by way of drastic punishment for his projected outrage. Baron Lupianoff has now been liberated from his imprisonment and, much against his own will, has been compelled to make the story of his remarkable imprisonment public in order to enforce his own rights of property.

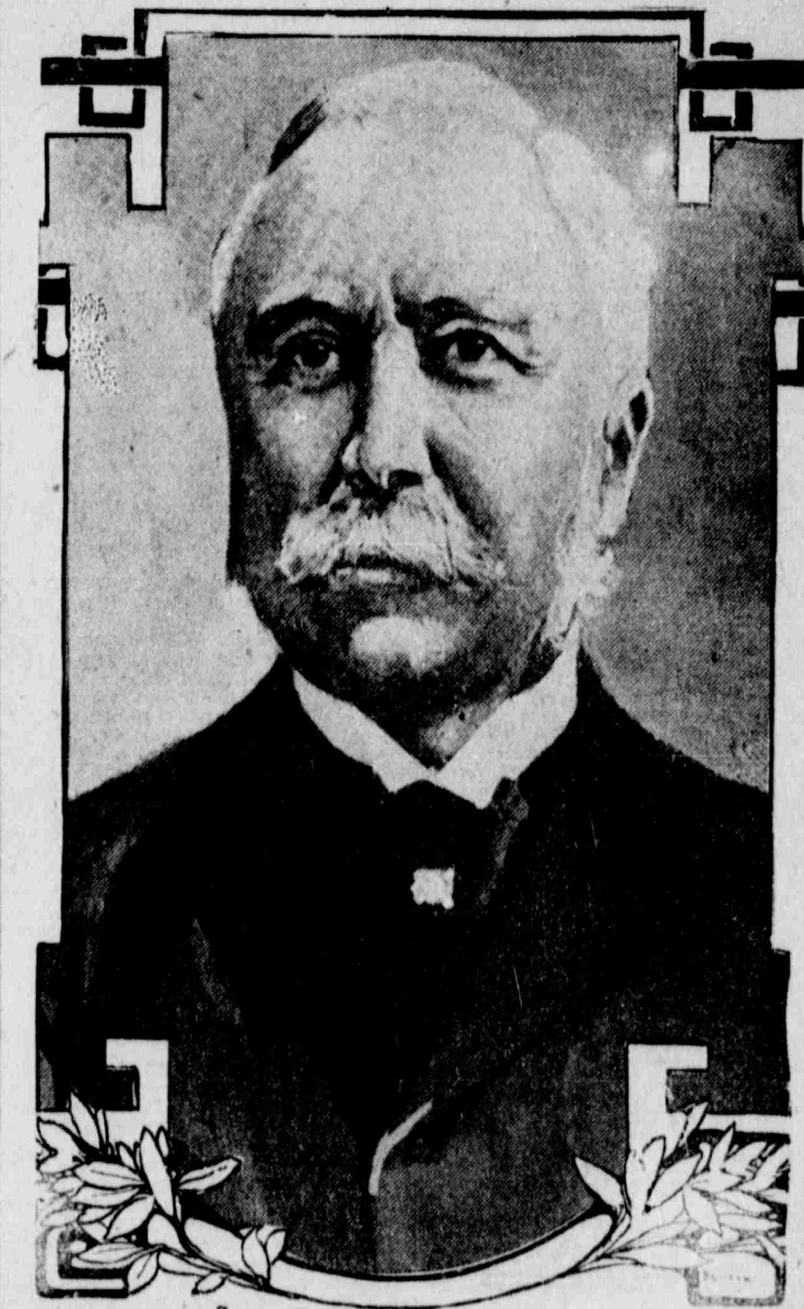
ASTONISHING ROMANCE.

The records of this astonishing romance are chronicled in the official reports of the district court at Kasan, as well as in the higher court of the city of Kazan, the capital of the province of the same name. Russian newspapers have devoted many columns to reports of the case and discussions thereon, for it has been rightly held that it illustrates most graphically the medieval conditions which still prevail in the European provinces of the Russian empire.

Baron Cyril Lupianoff at the time of his adventure was 30 years old, and resided in his own ancestral castle on estates which extended from the northern districts of the province of Kazan into the adjoining province of Vyatka. His possessions covered an area of many thousands of acres and he was the most powerful magnate for many miles around. As a young man he had gone to St. Petersburg to enjoy life, and in the course of a semi-decade of dissipation had succeeded in squandering a considerable portion of the family fortune. Returning to his estate situated in one of the remote parts of darkest Russia, he turned over a new leaf and was known far and wide as a confirmed woman-hater.

MOTHERS MARKED HIM.

The mothers of all the marriageable



SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN TO BE PREMIER.

The appointment of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as premier is accompanied by the removal of a curious anomaly in English court-ceremonies. A royal order was gazetted last Wednesday night authorizing that the "Premier shall in future have place and precedence next after the archbishop of York." Hitherto in court and state ceremonials the premier was not recognized and only took rank by virtue of his membership in the privy council. Thus he was preceded by several of his ministers. King Edward wanted to make the change during the premiership of Mr. Balfour, but the latter was averse to it.



THE BOY KING DRIVING A REAPER.